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ROMANTIC CAREER OF ROBERT W. WILCOX,  
HAWAII'S REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.First Delegate to Washington From Queen Liliuokalani's Land Is an  
Interesting Character.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Washington, Dec. 15.—Robert W. Wilcox, Hawaii's Representative in Congress, who has just left Washington for San Francisco, is one of the most interesting men who have visited the capital city for many a day. He is interesting because he is the first representative of his land to the United States Congress, and also because the story of his life seems to be a mingling of romance and tragedy that sounds more like fiction than fact.

Wilcox is a man of gigantic stature, swarthy of skin, martial in carriage and of an impetuous temperament. Just such a man in appearance as one would believe could easily play the part of a gay deceiver to perfection, and this the accomplished Hawaiian did several years ago.

His titles are as numerous as his thrilling experiences. First, he was Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery of Italy. Later he was Subaltern in the Italian Navy. Further on in his career he was a Major in King Kalakaua's army, and after that monarch was dethroned he still held his commission under Queen Liliuokalani. Still later the title of Prince Wilcox was conferred upon him. When the monarchical government was overthrown, Wilcox became the first Governor of Hawaii to the United States.

Robert W. Wilcox was born February 15, 1855, at Maui, one of the islands of the Hawaiian group. His father, a ship carpenter, originally made his home in Newport, R. I.; his mother was a black woman, a pure-bred Kanaka—a native Hawaiian.

He attended the missionary school in Maui, and here formed the acquaintance of James Kaneohe, the illegitimate son of King David Kalakaua.

At the suggestion of Wilcox, Kaneohe pleaded with his unrecognized father to send the two boys to some European military school. In 1881 the boys were placed in the Royal Military Academy at Turin, Italy. In 1882 the two young Hawaiians obtained admission to the Royal National Military College, and in 1884 graduated, with commissions as subalterns in the royal artillery of Italy.

It was while serving as an Italian officer that Wilcox developed his most romantic

love affair. He met the beautiful Princess Gina Solera di Stigliano, niece of Prince Ferdinand Marco Colonna di Stigliano, who is now the son-in-law of Mrs. J. W. Mackay of Nevada. No sooner had he become acquainted with the proud young princess than he determined to win her for his bride, though he well knew that she would not give her hand to one who was not of royal birth. But it was an easy matter for the dashing young officer to call himself a Prince—a royal son from the distant land of Hawaii.

Young Booth was out of the way, in Naples, and Minister Solera, from Hawaii, was in Rome. The horizon was clear, and it was a Prince that he wooed and won the Princess Gina.

With the Italian beauty as his wife he sailed for home. In the same year a revolution took place in Honolulu. The "missionary party" overpowered the King and took charge of the administration. Wilcox was recalled to Honolulu, and became the idol of the people, and those who did not admire him feared him. But the Princess Gina pined beneath the shame of being the wife of a man who, far from being of a royal house, was the son of a white man and a black woman.

In 1886 the Princess determined to flee from her husband and his hated surroundings. With a few faithful servants she sailed for San Francisco. To that city her husband traced her, but she refused to return to the islands with him.

In a short time the Princess gave birth to a daughter, the first child of the union. For days the mother's life was despaired of, but as she grew stronger her repeated request to see the child was granted. The infant had inherited its father's type, and was as dark as a negro. The Princess nearly lost her reason when she saw this, and begged that the little one be removed from her sight. Death shortly claimed the wife of humanity, and the young mother returned to her home in Italy.

In 1886 the Pope annulled the marriage of the Princess Gina di Stigliano and Robert W. Wilcox. No longer was she a Princess, but a woman. When the court of appeals of Turin rendered a verdict to the Princess of legal separation from the false Prince on the ground of polygamy, Wilcox having in the meantime married a Hawaiian woman.

In 1886 Wilcox married Princess Theresa

and a black woman.

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ROBERT W. WILCOX.  
As an Officer in the Italian Army.

Owama Kaneohe, a descendant of the great house of Keoni, the father of Kaneohe, the late King of Hawaii, had been born of this marriage.

Honorable Celo Caesar Moreno, the former Prime Minister of Hawaii, is now in the United States. It was his who took Wilcox and the unknown son of the King to Italy at the time he was Ambassador from Hawaii to that country.

Not until the court of Turin declared that Wilcox had married the Princess Gina under false pretenses, and later, committed polygamy, did Mr. Moreno know that Wilcox had deceived the people into believing him to be a royal Prince.

It has taken me twenty-one years to learn the true nature of this man," said the old Prime Minister. "I, who prided myself on my judgment of men, have been deceived for twenty-one years."

With such a varied, highly colored, and turbulent career behind him, Robert Wilcox comes to America once more in the name of his native land.

What battle will he fight in Congress? What wars will he wage in the social world, where his highly exclusive sphere receive him at all?



PRINCESS GINA DI STIGLIANO.

KING OF INVALIDS  
AND HIS KINGDOM.Charles H. Conrad, an Incurable,  
Corresponds With Other Famous Sick Persons.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 15.—In a small dwelling at No. 128 Cabot street, a little thoroughfare running west of Twelfth street, just above Girard avenue, lies a young man known throughout the length and breadth of this broad land as the "King of Invalids." His throne is a bed, from which he has not moved for ten years.

As his only companion, his faithful nurse, Miss Carrie Doty, and his pet dog, Charles H. Conrad, waits for death with the knowledge that nothing else will come of his sufferings. Science can offer him no hope, for hundreds of the most eminent



Charles H. Conrad.

physicians have visited his bedside and turned away with a shake of the head. Rheumatoid arthritis is the name of the strange malady with which he is afflicted, and its effect is the formation of bone under the joints, rendering them extremely sensitive and perfectly motionless. Elbows, knees, wrists and ankles are all dislocated and abnormally enlarged, while the rest of the trunk is emaciated, and the trunk and limbs alike contorted and twisted.

It is not ossification pure and simple, as in this case Conrad's sufferings would be much less. As it is, his whole body is so sensitive that the least touch causes excruciating agony. His arms are bent inward, the left hand slowly growing toward the stomach, between which and it a heavy pad of cloth is placed in effort to change its course.

Conrad was a strong and athletically built young man when 21 years old, now ten years ago. Exposure brought on rheumatoid arthritis, and this developed into his present malady.

Through his nurse he is kept in communication with every chronic invalid in the country, and by this he has been given the title of "King of Invalids."

HER EGOTISM.  
It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the vanity and egotism attending a "spoiled child" than is afforded by the "Confessions" of Marie Bashkirtseff.

This young Russian girl had evidently a wonderful genius for painting. A faithful apprenticeship, before her early death, sufficiently proved it, but the fact remains that she was an intolerably conceited, little "piece," who most often have made herself absurd through her abnormal vanity.

There is a little dinner this evening. I amuse myself in my half-dressing. Instead of disrobing it, I leave the forehead frankly uncovered. Amid all these carefully draped heads, it is a charming novelty. The hair twisted on top of the head and spreading naturally, and this magnificent brow, of which I did not suspect either the beauty or nobleness, change me altogether. I become of an imposing candor. It seems to me that I am pontifical, or that I am descending from a throne. This gives a sweet gentleness to the bearing, an air of calm and strength. And this forehead, always hidden, is of an infantine purity. I am 15 years old.

AMERICAN CITIZEN  
IS TO BE SHOT.Mexican Law Meets Out This Punishment to a Man Convicted  
of a Murder.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
El Paso, Tex., Dec. 15.—News has reached this city that Blas Aguirre, an American citizen, is under sentence to be shot to death in Mexico. The sentence was passed by the Judge of Letters in Juarez, opposite El Paso, and there is little chance for appeal from his order.

Aguirre is the second American extradited under the new treaty between the United States and Mexico, and the case is one of national importance.

Two years ago Aguirre and a friend, when intoxicated, went across the Rio Grande River, below El Paso, and murdered Juan Jose Escobedo, an old and highly respected citizen, living ten miles below Juarez. They escaped to this side, but, at the instance of Mexican officers, Aguirre was arrested and held in jail here.

Mexico petitioned the United States for his extradition, and finally secured the order. The petition was a year in being acted on, and was granted last March, soon after the extradition of the noted Mrs. Elch.

Aguirre's case has been pending in the District Court in Juarez until it was finally settled this afternoon with an order that he be shot. He is a native of El Paso, and was once prominent here. His friends have done all in their power to save him, but have failed. No date for the execution has been fixed.

YEARS OF DISASTER  
TO SEAFARING MEN.Forthcoming Record Will Show  
Great Loss of Life and Property  
by Storm and Fire.

THE RECORD IS APPALLING.

The Previous History of Navigation  
Shows No Parallel in  
the Matter of Deep-Sea  
Tragedies.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Washington, Dec. 15.—The last year of the century has been fraught with all sorts of calamities to sea-faring men. Since the establishment of the hydrographic office at Washington there has been no record of maritime disasters so appalling as the one for the year that is just ending. The report of this office will be issued shortly after the first of the year, and it will be a narrative of wrecks, explosions, collisions and of all the mishaps and dangers that are likely at any time to overtake the men who go down to the sea in ships.

Four hundred craft have been lost in the Atlantic Ocean in the short space of twelve months. Billions of dollars have been lost in damages. Nearly one-quarter of an estimated list of vessels that have been lost, or suffered in some other way, is composed of steamers, a thing not before known in the history of navigation.

Nearly 200 persons have perished. This includes the great steamship *Titanic*, the terrible loss in New York Harbor last August. One of the most notable of the collisions at sea during the last year was the sinking of the British steamer *Venosa*, by the British bark *Dunstaffnage*, early in March, during which two lives were lost. That the *Dunstaffnage* should escape and the heavy steamer be lost is looked upon in shipping circles as wonderful. Another terrible disaster was the collision between the steamer *Arcturion* and the German liner *Vineta*, in the North Sea, resulting in the total loss of the former. The *Arcturion*, en route to a cargo of coal, was proceeding slowly, but when the *Vineta*, a fast liner, was suddenly there reared out of the darkness, the *Arcturion* was struck, and the collision followed. The *Arcturion* was wrecked, and the crew were rescued. The *Vineta* was damaged, but was able to return to port. The *Arcturion* was a British steamer, and the *Vineta* was a German liner.

It is impossible to give a careful estimate of the character and amount of freight lost in these disasters. In the big New York fire which destroyed the three magnificent steamers, the *Southern*, the *Main* and the *Bremen*, almost \$5,000,000 worth of merchandise was consumed. The figures, while startling, do not represent anything like the amount of freight lost on coasting steamers and tramp steamers. The last three months have seen particularly disastrous maritime disasters. Along the New England coast and the Grand Banks the average number of ships wrecked during the last year has been one per day. No less than forty-eight craft of various rigs are reported to have been lost in that neighborhood during the present week, while at least ten lives were sacrificed. The terrible gales that have visited the coast during the last two months have been the cause of almost one-quarter of the number of losses within the year now drawing to a close. The *Delaware* has been the scene of an unusually large number of maritime disasters. Tugs, barges and innumerable river craft have been destroyed, while two large steamers have gone to the bottom. The most sensational of these disasters was the sinking of the steamer *John D. Hart* down fame as a filibuster. Three months previous to the *Hart* disaster, the *Winter Garden*, a small steamer, was wrecked. Earlier in the year the British steamer *Restoration* was wrecked in twenty-five feet of water directly off Kaibah's Point, Camden. She was laden with thousands of dollars' worth of goods, and the loss was a heavy one. The *Restoration* was a British steamer, and the *Winter Garden* was a small steamer.

It is impossible to recount the entire number of smaller craft that have taken place during the last year. Each one was attended with thrilling incidents, and in cases where the crew were rescued, their rescue has been little short of a miracle. It is becoming more and more apparent to shipping men that the reduction of the number of ships of both classes and passengers will have to be taken.

## THE FLOOD SCENE.

AT "The Mill on the Floss" a startling scene of disaster is about to be enacted. It is a scene of water flowing under her feet. She started up, the stream was flowing under the door, and into the house. It was not bewitched for an instant; she knew it was the flood. There was a step into the room at the door. The big from the staircase; she saw that the water was already on a level with the floor. She was looking something came with a tremendous crash against the door, and the water poured in after it.

It is the flood, she thought. She had not possession of an air and pushed off. "Oh, God, where am I?" she cried. "I am home!" she cried out in the dim loneliness.

"What was happening to them at the mill?" she thought. "My mother, her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help?" With pointing her finger at the door, she saw the water overcame all distress—Maggie leaped the front of the house. At first she heard no sound, she saw the light. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs window. She called out in a loud, piercing voice:

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon, from a window in the central gables, she heard Tom's voice:

"Oh, is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is Tom! Maggie, where is mother?"

"She is not here. She went to Garven the day before yesterday."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with the dainty American woman, "It is an honor to us," says one of the artistic gentlemen in his most polite tones and best English, "to have these beautiful models consent to pose for us."

The names of the artists are Yoshida, Nakagawa, Simizu Kiwai, Takatsuki, Maruyama and Kanokogi, all under 25. The artists from the Orient are small of stature, with very intelligent faces and bright eyes. They are very quick of movement and courteous in manner. Mr. Maruyama, who seems to be at the head of affairs, has always worked by himself, and as his friends say, "from the nature of the pictures represent years of faithful study and toil. From the variety of the subjects one would judge that the whole of Japan was made up of picturesque spots. There are temples, flowering cherry trees, the forest of Stone Lanterns, the wonderful full boats that look old enough to have been built for journeys to the moon or sun, dancing girls from the temples, round-faced little children, gardens with dwarfed trees in strange shapes, forests with in-

The sun was rising now, and the wide area of water desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness. Boated toward the burning, threatening masses. "Suddenly," Tom, looking forward, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together, a fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, losing the oars and clapping his hands over his head.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; lying through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and reamed the daisied field together.—George Eliot.

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MOUNTAIN ROUTE.  
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The Reign of Law—James Lane Allen.  
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The Idiot at Home—John Kendrick Bangs.  
The Maid of Maiden Lane—Amelia Barr.  
Tommy and Grizel—J. M. Barrie.  
As The Light Led—J. N. Baskett.  
The Girl and The Guardsman—Alexander Black.  
The Master Christian—Marie Corelli.  
In The Palace of The King—F. Marion Crawford.  
The Stick Minister's Wooing—S. R. Crockett.  
A Friend of Caesar—William Stearns Davis.  
From Kingdom to Colony—Mary Devereux.  
Deacon Bradbury—Edwin Asa Dix.  
In Cupid's Garden—E. T. Fowler.  
The Eagle's Heart—Hamlin Garland.  
The Footsteps of a Throne—Max Pemberton.  
Mr. Dooley's Philosophy—F. P. Dunne.  
The Romance of Gilbert Holmes—Marshall M. Kirkman.  
In The Atmosphere—Ole Read.  
The Dream of a Throne—C. F. Emmer.  
Wanted, a Matchmaker—Paul L. Ford.  
The Voice of the People—Ellen Glasgow.  
The Redemption of David Grogan—Chas. F. Goss.  
Unleavened Bread—Robert Grant.  
The Cardinal Snuff Box—Henry Harland.  
Richard Yen and Say—Maurice Hewlett.

Quisante—Anthony Hope.  
The Penitents—Louis How.  
The Garden of Eden—Blanche W. Howard.  
The Soft Side—Henry James.  
Three Men on Wheels—Jerome K. Jerome.  
To Have and to Hold—Mary Johnston.  
Doctor Dummery's Wife—Maurus Joket.  
Stringtown on the Pike—John Uri Lloyd.  
The Conscience of Coralie—F. Frankfort Moore.  
The Lane That Has No Turning—Gilbert Parker.  
Sons of Morning—Eden Philpotts.  
Men With the Bark On—Frederic Remington.  
Red Blood and Blue—H. Robertson.  
The Strenuous Life—Theodore Roosevelt.  
Oliver Cromwell—Theodore Roosevelt.  
Robert Tournay—W. Sage.  
Hosts of the Lord—Flora Anna Steel.  
Afield and Afoot—Frank R. Stockton.  
The Idle Born—Chattfield Taylor.  
Alice of Old Vincennes—Maurice Thompson.  
The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg—Mark Twain.  
Eleanor, 2 vols.—Mrs. Humphry Ward.  
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The Mantle of Elijah—L. Zangwill.

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AN EXHIBITION  
OF JAPANESE ART.Young Painters From the Land of  
the Cherry Blossom Are Show-  
ing Work to Americans.

## PICTURES MARVELS OF COLOR.

There Are Studies of Trees and  
Flowers and Landscapes That  
Are Characteristically  
Oriental.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Boston, Mass., Dec. 15.—There are six young artists, just from Japan, in town, with specimens of their art to the extent of some 400 pictures, which they are showing at the rooms of the Boston Art Club.

These young men are delighted with the models they have found here. They say that in Japan it is difficult to secure women models, and that they admire immensely the pink cheeks, the blue eyes and fair hair of the dainty American women. "It is an honor to us," says one of the artistic gentlemen in his most polite tones and best English, "to have these beautiful models consent to pose for us."

The names of the artists are Yoshida, Nakagawa, Simizu Kiwai, Takatsuki, Maruyama and Kanokogi, all under 25. The artists from the Orient are small of stature, with very intelligent faces and bright eyes. They are very quick of movement and courteous in manner. Mr. Maruyama, who seems to be at the head of affairs, has always worked by himself, and as his friends say, "from the nature of the pictures represent years of faithful study and toil. From the variety of the subjects one would judge that the whole of Japan was made up of picturesque spots. There are temples, flowering cherry trees, the forest of Stone Lanterns, the wonderful full boats that look old enough to have been built for journeys to the moon or sun, dancing girls from the temples, round-faced little children, gardens with dwarfed trees in strange shapes, forests with in-

scriptions hanging on the trees, addressed to the gods, and landscapes with the sharp peaked mountain line against the sky. In fact, every painting object in Japan seems to have been caught by the brushes of these artists.

There is wonderful coloring, the drawing is good, and the subjects well handled. All the pictures are done in water colors.

FITTINGS FROM THE  
BRADLEY MARTIN HOUSE.

Hotel Will Contain the Interior  
That Made a Palace of a Wealthy  
Man's Home.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Boston, Dec. 15.—The costly interior finish that made the Bradley Martin house of New York a palace has been sold at auction and shipped to Castine, Me., to furnish a little summer hotel on the island in Penobscot Bay.

When the Bradley Martin shook the dust of American soil from their boots and sailed away to become subjects of Queen Victoria, they left behind them, besides the memory of a costly dinner, many van loads of expensive furniture. A gentleman from Bangor, who was then contemplating the building of the hotel that is now on the way to completion, happened to be in New York at the time when the Bradley Martin house was being dismantled. He purchased the entire interior fittings, massive mahogany doors and wainscoting, stained and leaded glass windows and other things of exquisite design and workmanship.

All of these valuables were loaded on two schooners and the vessels set sail for Castine. One of them made the voyage without incident, but the other had an adventure in Penobscot Bay, which came near ending fatally for cargo and all on board.

It was during the severe storm which swept over the Maine and New England coast a short time ago that the schooner found herself in the vicinity of Portland Harbor. The Bradley Martin treasures were all snugly stowed away in the upper hold, while the lower hold was filled from top to bottom with a cargo of cement. The storm was of unusual fierceness, and during the night the schooner had the misfortune to go ashore on Diamond Island.

For a time it seemed as if it was lost, but tugs were dispatched to the scene as soon as the wind had somewhat abated and the work of taking the cargo off in light was commenced. Everything was removed in safety and reshipped to Castine, where it is at last arriving in safety.

All of the Bradley Martin interior is to be used in finishing the new hotel which is being erected at Castine for use during the coming summer.

The house will be known as the Dome of the Rock, because of a bonfire which will be surrounded by a portion of the fifteen-foot piazza.

Low Rates to Kansas City and Return via Missouri Pacific.  
Tickets on sale December 22, 23, 24 and 25, 1900, good for return up to and including January 2, 1901.

SHE WAS COURTED  
FOR TWENTY YEARS.Now Margaret's Lover Says He Is  
Too Old to Think of Marriage  
and Margaret Sues Him.

## POLICEMAN WANTS TO SAIL.

Knowing This, His Fiancee Called  
In a Lawyer and Was Ad-  
vised to Get a Warrant  
for His Arrest.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
New York, Dec. 15.—Twenty-one years ago Margaret Lynch was young, plump and rosy. She left her father's farm in the County of Mayo, Ireland, and came to America. There were many suitors for the fair Margaret's hand, but Thomas McCormick pleased her best of them all. McCormick was then a policeman of the Harbor squad, and he has been a policeman ever since, or rather, was until retired a short time ago.

Margaret says the handsome policeman made love to her week in and week out, and that she waited with the patience of a female Job for the day when he would claim her as his bride. There was always some reason, on the part of the lover, why the wedding day should be postponed. First, he told Margaret to wait until after Garfield was elected, and Margaret waited, but was disappointed. Then it was that when Cleveland was in office the wedding would take place. But the president came and went, and Margaret remained a spinster. Then Margaret's father died, and while she grieved for him she was comforted for the man of blue coat and brass buttons had told her that after her father's death he would surely claim his bride. But after this event McCormick said to Margaret: "It is all off, Maggie, my girl, I am too old to marry."

A few days ago Miss Lynch heard that McCormick was about to sail for Ireland. She consulted a lawyer and caused his arrest. She will bring suit for breach of promise.

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